UP-TO-DATE TOASTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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THE GEORGE E. LASK COLLECTION

TOASTS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Compiled by

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TOASTS.

May friendship, like wine, improve as time advances, and may we always have old wine, old friends, and young cares.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it,
Come fill it, and have one with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. — *Shakespeare.*

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake.

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing —
Who the devil cares for more?

— *Byron.*

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
We will not ask her name.

— *Byron*

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God made man
  Frail as a bubble;
God made love,
  Love made trouble,
God made the vine,
  Was it a sin
That Man made Wine
  To drown Trouble in?

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,
May mirth, wine and wit abound.
In them alone true wisdom lies—
For to be merry's to be wise.

Here's to champagne, the drink divine
  That makes us forget our troubles;
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine
  And three dollars' worth of bubbles.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip—
  'Twill chase the pensive tear.

May the juice of the grape enliven each soul,
And good humor preside at the head of each bowl

Who loves not women, wine and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long.

Fill the bumper fair! every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care smooths away a wrinkle.

Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Each is the properest day, I think;
Why should I name but one day?
Tell me but yours, I will mention my day,
Let us fix on some day;
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

May we always mingle in the friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Although out of sight, we recognize them with our glasses.

Drink to-day and drink all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do 't to-morrow;
Best while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Beaumont & Fletcher.

Drink, boys, drink, and drive away sorrow;
For perhaps we may not drink again to-morrow.

Come, fill the glass and drain the bowl;
May love and Bacchus still agree;
And every American warm his soul
With Cupid, Wine and Liberty.

The Frenchman loves his native wine;
The German loves his beer;
The Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Irishman loves his "whiskey straight,"
Because it gives him dizziness.
The American has no choice at all,
So he drinks the whole —— business.

May your wine add wings to old time, but not make us insensible of his flight.

May friendship propose the toast, and sincerity drink it.

Here's a turkey when you are hungry,
Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you need her,
And heaven when you die.

The juice of the grape is given to him who will use it wisely,
As that which cheers the heart of men after toil,
Refreshes him in sickness, and comforts him in sorrow.
He who enjoyeth it may thank God for his wine cup as for his daily bread.
And he who abuses the gift of heaven is not a greater fool than thou in thine abstinence.

— *Scott.*

Drink, for you know not
Whence you came, nor why;
Drink, for you know not why
You go, nor whence.

— *Omar Khayyam.*

Poker — Like a glass of beer, you draw to fill.

Fill the bowl with flowing wine
And while your lips are wet
Press their fragrance into mine
And forget.
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change from thine.

— *Ben Jonson.*

'Ere's to the 'ealth o' your Royal 'Ighness; hand may the skin o' ha gooseberry be big enough for han humbrella to cover hup hall your enemies.

— *Caddy's Toast in "Erminie."*

Here's to the glass we so love to sip,
It dries many a pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip
But a —— sight more sincere.

If you leave a kiss within the glass I'll not ask for wine.

Wine is good,
Love is good,
And all is good if understood;
The sin is not in doing,
But in overdoing.
How much of mine has gone that way?
Alas! How much more that may?

TO WOMAN.

A good wife and health
Are a man's best wealth.

What's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head?

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis a woman rules us still.

— *Moore.*

In her first passion, woman loves a lover;
In all others, all she loves is love.

As for the women, though
We scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but not
Without them.

To those who know thee not
No words can paint!
And those who know thee
Know all words are faint.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command.

— *Wordsworth.*

She'll learn to smoke a cigarette
And drink a glass of wine;
She'll get a breakfast, lunch or tea,
An appetite to dine;
She'll flirt in dress décolleté,
She'll think a kiss no sin;
And that's the kind of a summer girl —
Alas! that seems to win.

Drink to the fair woman, who, I think,
Is most entitled to it;
For if anything ever can drive me to drink,
She certainly can do it.

— *B. Jabez Jenkins.*

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

— *Edward Coate Pickney.*

Here's to the girls of the American shore,
I love but one, I love no more;
Since she's not here to drink her part,
I drink her share with all my heart.

Here's to the woman whose heart and whose soul
  Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue;
Whether sunn'd at the Tropics or chilled at the Pole,
  If women be there, there is happiness too.

Whene'er with friends I drink
Of one I always think.
  She's pretty, she's witty and so true;
So with joy and great delight,
I'll drink to her to-night,
  And when doing so think none the less of you!

—*J. H. M.*

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,
  A pretty girl—however you dress her—
Is the prettiest thing that was ever made,
  And the last one is always the prettiest,
    Bless her!

Here's to the women, present and past,
  And those to come hereafter;
But if one comes here after us,
  We'll have no cause for laughter.

Here's to the white man's wife—
The white man's aid,
But not his burden.

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth —
Without a woman in it.

The fairest work of the great Author; the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.

Here's to you, my dear,
And to the dear that's not here, my dear;
But if the dear that's not here, my dear,
Were here, my dear,
I'd not be drinking to you, my dear.

Here's health to the girl who will drink when she can;
Here's health to the girl who will "rush the tin can,"
And health to the girl who can dance the can-can —
'Tis the canny toast of an uncanny man.

Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true.
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one — here's to you.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Hail to the graduating girl;
She's sweeter, far, than some;
For while she speaks she talks no slang
And chews no chewing gum.

Here's to the woman,
Who in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
But seen too oft — familiar thy face,
First we pity, then endure and then embrace.

Health to the bold and dashing coquette
Who careth not for me;
Whose heart, untouched by love as yet,
Is wild and fancy free.
Toasts of love to the timid dove
Are always going 'round;
Let mine be heard by the untamed bird
And make your glasses sound.

'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip,
But, O! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind,
But, unlike affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

To America's daughters — Let all fill their glasses,
Whose beauty and virtue the whole world surpasses;
May blessings attend them, go wherever they will,
And foul fall the man e'er offers them ill.

The grace that every man desires — the good graces of woman.

Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who doesn't lose her head, even for a minute;
Plays well the game and knows the limit,
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay fill to the brim,
Let us toast all the ladies together.

The Ladies — With assiduity we court their smiles; with sorrow we receive their frowns; but smiling or frowning, we love them.

OUR COUNTRY.

Here's health to Columbia, the pride of the earth,
The Stars and Stripes — drink the land of our birth!
Toast the army and navy, who fought for our cause,
Who conquered and won us our freedom and laws.

Here's to the American Eagle: The liberty bird that permits no liberties.

Our Country — May she always be in the right — but our country, right or wrong. — *Stephen Decatur.*

Here's to American valor — May no war require it, but may it ever be ready for every foe.

"Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

Our National Birds — The American Eagle, the Thanksgiving Turkey.

May one give us peace in all our states —
And the other a piece for all our plates.

May it be no North, no South, no East, no West, but only one broad, beautiful, glorious land.

To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, come what may,
The Stars and Stripes forever!

With the bulldogs of war
Standing guard on our coasts
All fears of attack quickly vanish;
Manned with hearts that are true
To the Red, White and Blue,
They'll make all our foemen "walk Spanish."

The American Navy — May it ever sail on a sea of glory.

May those who are discontented with their own country leave their country for their country's good.

The American Eagle — The older he grows, the louder he screams and the higher he flies.

The Soldiers of America — Their arms our defence, our arms their reward. Fall in men, fall in.

The Boundaries of Our Country: East by the Rising Sun; north by the North Pole; west by all Creation; and south, by the Day of Judgment.

The Lily of France may fade,
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,
The Oak of England may decay,
But the Stars shine on forever.

Our Country — Where's the coward that would not dare to fight for such a land?

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Our Bachelor Friends.

Then here's to the jolly Bachelor's life,
And may he live till he takes a wife.

Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome.

To Our Chef.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends and live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
We may live without books — what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope — what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love — what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

We'll drink to love! Love, the one irresistible force that annihilates distance, caste, prejudice and principles! Love, the pastime of the Occident, the passion of the East! Love, that stealeth upon us, like a thief in the night, robbing us of rest, but bestowing in its place a gift more precious than the sweetest sleep! Love is the burden of my toast! Here's looking at you!

Home.

The father's kingdom; the child's paradise; the mother's world.

May we have the unspeakable good Fortune to win a true heart, and the Merit to keep it.

Friendship.

May its barque never founder on the rocks of deception.

May we ever be able to serve a friend and noble enough to conceal it.

Home.

The place where you are treated best and grumble most.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.
Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

— *Byron.*

Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from;
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

May Dame Fortune ever smile on you;
But never her daughter —
Miss Fortune.

When going up the hill of Prosperity
May you never meet any friend coming down.

May all single men be married,
And all married men be happy.

Yesterday's yesterday while to-day's here,
To-day's to-day till to-morrow appear,
To-morrow's to-morrow until to-day's past,
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.

Through this toilsome world, alas,
Once, and only once we pass;
If a kindness we may show,
If a good deed we may do,
To our suffering fellow-men,
Let us do it when we can,
Nor delay it, for 'tis plain,
We will not pass this way again.

THE MAN WE LOVE.

He who speaks the most good and speaks the least ill of his neighbors.

Here's to the four hinges of friendship,
Swearing, Lying, Stealing and Drinking.
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman;
When you steal, steal away from bad company;
And when you drink, drink with me.

Here's a health to the Future,
A sigh for the Past;
We can love and remember,
And hope to the last.
And for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart,
We can never grow old.

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For all too soon we learn the truth:
There are no birds in the last year's nest.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes wrong.

Best Ale.

Here's to the best ale in the best ale.

— *Mr. Pickwick.*

More Sincere.

Here's to good old whiskey,
So amber and so clear;
It's not so sweet as a woman's lips,
But a d—— sight more sincere.

— *A. O. York.*

Our Sweethearts.

Here's to our wives and our sweethearts.
May our wives always remain our sweethearts
And our sweethearts some day become wives.

Here's Champagne to My Real Friends.

Here's champagne to my real friends
And real pain to my sham friends.

Women.

Here's to woman: she needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself.

Here
With my beer
I sit
While golden moments flit.
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by:
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, idly sipping here
My beer.

— *Geo. Arnold.*

Girl I Love.

Here's to the girl I love,
And here's to the girl who loves me,
And here's to all those who love her whom I love
And all those who love her who love me.

— *L. A. Rogers.*

May you all be Hung, Drawn and Quartered!
Yes — hung with diamonds,
Drawn in a coach and four
And quartered in the best houses in the land.

Loves Only One.

Here's to one and only one,
And that is she
Who loves but one and only one,
And that is me.

— *L. A. Rogers.*

Love Us Well.

Here's to those who love us well;
Those who don't may go to H——.

— *James Keene.*

Away with Gloom.

Then fill the bowl — away with gloom,
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.

— *Thomas Moore.*

Brisk Wine and Lovely Women.

Brisk wine and lovely women are
The source of all our joys;
A bumper softens every care,
And beauty never cloys.
Then let us drink and let us love
While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine we all approve
As blessing night and day.

The Bubble Winked.

The bubble winked at me and said,
"You'll miss me, brother, when you're dead."

— *Oliver Herford.*

Cold Bottle and Another One.

Here's to a long life and a happy one,
A quick death and a happy one,
A good girl and a pretty one,
A cold bottle and another one.

— *Clover Club.*

Come, Fill the Bowl.

Come, fill the bowl, each jolly soul,
Let Bacchus guide our revels;
Join cup to lip, with hip, hip, hip,
And bury the poor devils.

Adam's Crystal Ale.

Here's to Adam's Crystal Ale,
Clear, sparkling and divine.
Fair H^2O, long may you flow.
We drink your health in wine.

— *Oliver Herford.*

A Glass is Good.

A glass is good, a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather.
The world is good and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

— *John O. Keefe.*

If all your beauties, one by one,
I pledge, dear, I am thinking
Before the tale were well begun
I had been dead of drinking.

— *Oliver Herford.*

A Pretty Lass.

A cheerful glass, a pretty lass,
A friend sincere and true;
Blooming health, good store of wealth
Attend on me and you.

— *Anon.*

May good fortune follow you all your life (and never catch up with you). — *An Irishman's Toast.*

As Bad as I Am.

Here's to you as good as you are,
And here's to me as bad as I am;
But as good as you are and as bad as I am,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.

— *Old Scotch Toast.*

Contentment.

May we never murmur without a cause and never have cause to murmur.

Dear Old Times.

I drink it as the fates ordain it.
Come fill it and have done with rhymes.
Fill up the lovely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

— *Thackeray.*

Ever Welcome.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for or come without warning;
A thousand welcomes you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more we'll adore you.

— *Old Irish Toast.*

Fill Up the Goblet.

Fill up the goblet and reach me some.
Drinking makes wise, but dry feasting makes glum.

— *Oriental.*

Friends and Wives.

A health to our sweethearts,
Our friends and our wives,
And may fortune smile on them
The rest of their lives.

Future.

May the best day we have seen be worse than the worst day that is to come.

Crystal Wedding.

Here's that they will not find the friendship of their guests as brittle as their gifts.

A Parting Toast.

Good-bye, dear ones, and if you need a friend,
How happy I will be,
Should you get tired on life's rough way
Just come and lean on me.
I'll take you by the smoothest road that God to man e'er gave;
And will go by the longest way that takes us to the grave.

The Newly Wedded Pair.

May their joys be as deep as the ocean,
And their misfortune as light as its foam.

The Fair Bride.

May her voyage through life be as happy and as free
As the dancing waves on the deep blue sea.

Here's to the tears of friendship — May they crystallize as they fall and be worn as gems in the memory of those we love.

The Bride and Bridegroom.

Let us drink to their health and prosperity; may they have a joyous bridal trip, and may their journey through life be over a pleasant road without any embarrassment that energy and love cannot easily overcome.

The Happy Couple.

May we all live to be present at their Golden Wedding.

Now, boys, just a moment! You've all had your say,
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way.
We have toasted our sweethearts, our friends and our wives;
We've toasted each other, wishing all merry lives;
But I now will propose to you the toast that is best —
'Tis one in a million and outshines the rest.
Don't frown when I tell you this toast beats all others;
But drink one more toast, boys,
A toast to — Our Mothers.

May our thoughts never mislead our judgment.

May prosperity never make us arrogant, nor adversity, mean.

May we live happy and die in peace with all mankind.

May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable garment.

May we never make matrimony a matter of money.

May the difference of creeds be ever left at the house of prayer.

May conquest crown and mercy sanctify the sword of justice.

May every mirror we look at cast an honest reflection.

May reason been throned a supreme monarch, and passions be subject to his laws.

Poverty always at the rear, and hope and power ready to assist.

May we always mean well, and act accordingly.

May goodness prevail when beauty fails.

May we be kind, but not in words alone.

May good nature and good sense be ever united.

May generosity never be overtaken by poverty.

May we never have cause to put on mourning.

May we succeed in all our lawful undertakings.

May we be happy, and our enemies know it.

May the polished heart make amends for the rough countenance.

May those we love be honest, and the land we live in free.

May every day bring more happiness than yesterday.

May the love of money never make us forget the Christian duties.

May the rough road of adversity lead us to final prosperity.

May depressed merit be always exalted.

Woman — Gentle, patient, self-denying; without her man would be a savage; and the earth a desert.

Woman — Let us not forget that wherever man is most enlightened, she is most respected and beloved.

The Ladies — We admire them for their beauty, respect them for their intelligence, adore them for their virtue, and love them because we can't help it.

The Ladies — God bless 'em,
And may nothing distress 'em.

Drink to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Merry have we met, merry have we been,
Merry may we part, and merry meet again.

A hearty supper, a good bottle, and a soft bed, to every man who fights the battles of his country.

A full purse, a fresh bottle, and a beautiful face.

A bottle at night, and business in the morning.

A friend in every glass — a mistress in every bowl.

Cheerfulness in our cups, content in our minds, and competency in our pockets.

Good wine and good company to the lovers of reasonable enjoyment.

May wine never prove the cause of strife.

May we act with reason when the bottle circulates.

May we always get mellow with good wine.

Our President — May he always merit the esteem and affection of a people ever ready to bestow gratitude on those who deserve it.

Our Public Institutions — May it ever be the honest endeavor of each and every one of us to keep them as unblemished and untarnished as we received them from our predecessors.

Our Mayor — As vigilant and useful in his present station as any officer in the State, he is one of those upon whom we can look with pride, and say, "These are our jewels."

The Judiciary — As sword-bearers to justice, we respect her administrators; though they often base their decisions on common law, theirs are no common minds.

America and her Children — Her sons are brave and honest, her daughters fair and modest.

May the joys of America be as pure as its air of freedom, and its virtues be as firm as its mountains.

May America ever be an asylum for the oppressed and a school to teach them the great principles of republicanism.

May those who'd be rude to American roses
Feel a thorn's fatal prick in their lips and their noses.

May Columbia's brave defenders
Ever stand for the good of her cause;
While such we can toast them, no rogues or pretenders,
Can injure our dear Constitution or laws.

Here's to Columbia, free laws, and a free church,
From their blessings may plotters be left in the lurch;
Give us pure candidates and a pure ballot-box,
And our freedom shall stand as firm as the rocks.

Some men want youth and others health,
Some from a wife will often shrink;
Some men want wit and others wealth —
May we want nothing but to drink.

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